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NATURE AND ART.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

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УЧЕБНИК

NATURE AND ART.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON.

Printed by G. O. and J. JOHNSON,
St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1794.

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VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for J. G. and J. ROBINSON,

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MRS. INCHBALD.

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NATURE AND ART.

CHAPTER I.

AT a time when the nobility of Britain were said, by the Poet Laureat, to admire and protect the arts, and were known by the whole nation to be the patrons of music,—William and Henry, youths under twenty years of age, brothers, and the sons of a country shopkeeper who had lately died insolvent, set out on foot for London, in the hope of procuring by their industry a scanty subsistence.

As they walked out of their native town, each with a small bundle at his back, each observed the other drop several tears: but, upon the sudden meeting of their eyes, they both smiled with a degree of disdain at the weakness in which they had been caught.

“I am sure,” said William (the elder) “I don’t know why I cry.”

“Nor I neither,” said Henry: “for though we may never see this town again, yet we leave nothing behind us to give us cause to lament.”

“No,” replied William; “nor any body who cares what becomes of us.”

“But I was thinking,” said Henry, now weeping bitterly, “that if my poor father were alive, *he* would care what was to become of us:—he would not have suffered us to begin this long journey

journey without a few shillings more in our pockets."

At the end of this sentence, William, who had with some effort suppressed his tears while his brother spoke, now uttered, with a voice almost inarticulate,—“Don't say any more; don't talk any more about it. My father used to tell us, that when he was gone we must take care of ourselves: and so we must. I only wish,” continued he, giving way to his grief, “that I had never done any thing to offend him while he was living.”

“That is what I wish too,” cried Henry. “If I had always been dutiful to him while he was alive, I would not shed one tear for him now that he is gone: but I would thank heaven that he had escaped from his creditors.”

In conversation such as this, wherein their sorrow for their deceased parent seemed less for his death, than because he had not been so happy when living, as they ought to have made him; and wherein their own out-cast fortune was less the subject of their grief, than the reflection “what their father would have endured, could he have beheld them in their present situation;” in conversation such as this, they pursued their journey till they arrived at that metropolis, which has received for centuries past, from the provincial towns, the bold adventurer of every denomination; has stamped his character with experience and example; and, while it has bestowed on some coronets and mitres—on some the lasting fame of genius—to others has dealt beggary, infamy, and untimely death.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a trial of three weeks passed in London, a year followed, during which, William and Henry never sat down to a dinner, or went into a bed, without hearts glowing with thankfulness to that providence which had bestowed on them such unexpected blessings; for no longer did they presume to expect (what still they presumed they deserved) a secure pittance for themselves in this world of plenty. Their experience, since they came to town, had informed them that, to obtain a permanent livelihood, is the good fortune but of a part of those who are in want of it: and the precarious earning of half a

B 3

crown,

crown, or a shilling, in the neighbourhood where they lodged, by an errand, or some such accidental means, was the sole support which they at present enjoyed.

They had sought for constant employment of various kinds, and even for servants' places; but obstacles had always occurred to prevent their success. If they applied for the situation of a clerk to a man of extensive concerns, their qualifications were admitted; but there must be security given for their fidelity:—they had friends, who would give them a character, but who would give them nothing else.

If they endeavoured for the place even of a menial servant, they were too clownish and awkward for the presence
of

of the lady of the house ;—and once, when William (who had been educated at the free grammar-school of the town in which he was born, and was an excellent scholar) hoping to obtain the good opinion of a young clergyman whom he solicited for the favour of waiting upon him, acquainted him “ That he understood Greek and Latin,” he was rejected by the divine, “ because he could not dress hair.”

Weary of repeating their mean accomplishments of “ honesty, sobriety, humility,” and on the precipice of reprobating such qualities,—which, however beneficial to the soul, gave no hope of preservation to the body,—they were prevented from this profanation by the fortunate remembrance of one qualification ; which Henry, the possessor,

in all his distress, had never till then called to his recollection: but which, being once remembered and made known, changed the whole prospect of wretchedness placed before the two brothers; and they never knew want more.

Reader, not to keep you in suspense concerning this attribute—Henry could play upon the fiddle.

CHAPTER III.

NO sooner was it publicly known that Henry could play most excellently upon the violin, than he was invited into many companies where no other accomplishment could have introduced him. His performance was so much admired, that he had the honour of being admitted to several tavern feasts, of which he had also the honour to partake without partaking of the expence. He was soon addressed by persons of the very first rank and fashion, and was once seen walking side by side with a peer.

But yet, in the midst of this powerful

ful occasion for rejoicing, Henry, whose heart was particularly affectionate, had one grief that eclipsed all the happiness of his new life :—his brother William could *not* play on the fiddle !—consequently, his brother William, with whom he had shared so much ill, could not share in his good fortune.

One evening, Henry, coming home from a dinner and concert at the Crown and Anchor, found William, in a very gloomy and peevish humour, poring over *De Oratore* of Cicero. Henry asked him several times “How he did;” and similar questions, marks of his kind disposition towards his beloved brother : but all his endeavours, he perceived, could not soothe or soften the sullen mind of William. At length, taking from his pocket a handful of almonds, and some
delicious

delicious fruit (which he had purloined from the plenteous table, where his brother's wants had never been absent from his thoughts) and laying them down before him, he exclaimed with a benevolent smile, "Do, William, let me teach you to play upon the violin."

William—full of the great orator whom he was then studying, and still more alive to the impossibility that *his* ear, attuned only to sense, could ever descend from that elevation, to learn mere sounds—William caught up the tempting presents which Henry had ventured his reputation to obtain for him, and threw them all indignantly at the donor's head.

Henry felt too powerfully his own superiority of fortune, to resent this ingratitude ;

gratitude ; he only picked up the repast, and laying it again upon the table, placed by its side a bottle of claret, which he held fast by the neck, while he assured his brother, that, “although he had taken it while the waiter’s back was turned, yet it might be drank with a safe conscience by them ; for he had not himself tasted one drop at the feast, on purpose that he might enjoy a glass with his brother at home, and without wronging the company who had invited him.”

The affection Henry expressed as he said this,—or the force of a bumper of wine, which William had not seen since he left his father’s house,—had such an effect in calming the displeasure he was cherishing, that, on his brother’s offering him the glass, he
took

took it; and he deigned even to eat of his present.

Henry, to convince him that he had stinted himself, to obtain for him this collation, sat down and partook of it.

After a few glasses had passed, he again ventured to say, "Do, brother William, let me teach you to play on the violin."

Again his offer was refused; but though with less vehemence, at length they both agreed the attempt could not prosper.

"Then," said Henry, "William, go down to Oxford, or to Cambridge. There, no doubt, they are as fond of learning, as in this gay town they are of
of

of music. You know you have as much talent for the one as I for the other: do go to one of our universities, and see what dinners, what suppers, and what friends *you* will find there."

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM *did* go to one of those seats of learning, and would have starved there, but for the affectionate remittances of Henry, who shortly became so great a proficient in the art of music, as to have it in his power not only to live in a very reputable manner himself, but to send such supplies to his brother, as to enable him to pursue his studies.

With some, the progress of fortune is rapid. Such is the case when, either on merit or demerit, great patronage is bestowed. Henry's violin had often charmed, to a welcome forgetfulness
of

of his insignificance, an effeminate lord; or warmed with ideas of honour, the head of a duke, whose heart could never be taught to feel its manly glow. Princes had flown to the arms of their favourite fair-ones, with more rapturous delight, softened by the masterly touches of his art: and those elevated personages, ever grateful to those from whom they derive benefits, were competitors in the desire of heaping favours upon him. But he, in all his advantages, never once lost from his thoughts the hope of some advantage for his brother William: and when at any time he was pressed by a patron to demand a "token of his regard," he would constantly reply:

"I have a brother, a very learned man, if your lordship (your grace, or
your

your royal highness) would confer some small favour on him——”

His lordship would reply, “He was so teased and harassed in his youth by learned men, that he had ever since detested the whole fraternity.”

His grace would inquire “If the learned man could play upon any instrument.”

And his highness would ask “If he could sing.”

Rebuffs such as these poor Henry met with in all his applications for William, till one fortunate evening, at the conclusion of a concert, a great man shook him by the hand, and promised a living of five hundred a year (the incumbent of which was upon his death-bed) to his brother, in return for the entertainment Henry had just given him.

Henry wrote in haste to William, and began his letter thus: "My dear brother, I am not sorry you did not learn to play upon the fiddle."

CHAPTER V.

THE incumbent of this living died—William was ordained : and in a few weeks came to town, to take possession of the gift, which his brother's skill had acquired him.

William had a steady countenance, a stern brow, and a majestic walk ; all of which this new accession, this holy calling to religious vows, rather increased than diminished. In the early part of his life, the violin of his brother had rather irritated than soothed the morose disposition of his nature : and though, since their departure from their native habitation, it had frequently

quently calmed the violent ragings of his hunger, it had never been successful in appeasing the disturbed passions of a proud and a disdainful mind.

As the painter views with delight and wonder the finished picture, expressive testimony of his taste and genius: as the physician beholds with pride and gladness the recovering invalid, whom his art has snatched from the jaws of death: as the father gazes with rapture on his first child, the creature to whom he has given life—so did Henry survey with transporting glory, his brother, drest for the first time in his canonicals, to preach at his parish church. He viewed him from head to foot—smiled—viewed again—pulled one side of his gown a little this way, one end of his band a little that way—
then

then stole behind him, pretending to place the curls of his hair, but in reality, to indulge, and to conceal, tears of fraternal pride and joy.

William was not without joy: neither was he wanting in love or gratitude to his brother—but his pride was not completely satisfied.

“I am eldest brother,” he thought to himself, “and a man of literature; and yet am I obliged to my younger, an illiterate man.”—Here he suppressed every thought that could be a reproach to that brother. But there remained an object of his former contempt, now become even detestable to him—ungrateful man! the very agent of his elevation was now so odious to him, that he could not cast his eyes

upon the friendly violin, without instant emotions of disgust.

In vain would Henry at times endeavour to subdue his haughtiness, by a tune on this wonderful machine.—“You know I have no ear,” William would sternly say, in recompense for one of Henry’s best solo’s. Yet was William enraged at Henry’s answer, when, after taking him to hear him preach, he asked him “how he liked his sermon,” and Henry replied (merely with pleasantry, and in the technical phrase of his profession) “You know, brother, I have no ear.”

Henry’s renown in his profession daily increased; and with his fame, his friends. Possessing the virtues of humility and charity, far above William,
the

the profest teacher of those virtues, his reverend brother's disrespect for his vocation, never once made him relax for a moment in his anxiety to advance him in *his*.—Within a year or two, he had the gratification of presenting him to a deanery ; and at once placed between them an insurmountable barrier to all friendship, that was not the effect of condescension, on the part of the dean.

William would now begin seriously to remonstrate with his brother “upon his useless occupation,” and would intimate “the degradation it was to him, to hear his frivolous talent spoken of in all companies.” Henry believed his brother much wiser than himself, and suffered shame that he was not more worthy of such a relation. To console

himself for the familiar friend, whom he now perceived he had entirely lost, he searched for one of a softer nature—he married.

CHAPTER VI.

AS Henry despaired of receiving his brother's approbation of his choice, he never mentioned the event to him: but William, being told of it by a third person, inquired of Henry, who confirmed the truth of the intelligence, and acknowledged, that, in taking a wife, his sole view had been, to obtain a kind companion and friend, who would bear with his failings, and know how to esteem his few qualifications; therefore, he had chosen one of his own rank in life, and who, having a taste for music, and, as well as himself, an obligation to the art——

“And is it possible,” cried the dean,
“that

“that what has been hinted to me is true? Is it possible that you have married a public singer?”

“She is as good as myself,” returned Henry: “I did not wish her to be better, for fear she should despise me.”

“As to despise,” (answered the dean) “heaven forbid that we should despise any one—that would be acting unlike a christian—but do you imagine I can ever introduce her to my intended wife, who is a woman of family?”

Henry had received in his life many insults from his brother: but, as he was not a vain man, he generally thought his brother in the right, and consequently submitted with patience—but, though he had little self-love, he had for his wife an unbounded affection: on the present occasion, therefore, he
began

began to raise his voice, and even (in the coarse expression of clownish anger) to lift his hand—but the sudden and affecting recollection of what he had done for the dean—of the pains, the toils, the hopes, and the fears he had experienced when soliciting his preferment—this recollection overpowered his speech—weakened his arm—and deprived him of every active force, but that of flying out of the dean's house (in which they then were) as swift as lightning, while the dean sat proudly contemplating—"that he had done his duty."

For several days Henry did not call, as was his custom, to see his brother: William's marriage drew near, and he sent a formal card to invite him on that day; but not having had the conde-
6 scension

scension to name his sister-in-law in the invitation, Henry took no notice of it ; and the joyful event was celebrated without his presence. But the ardour of the bridegroom was not so vehement as to overcome every other sensation—he missed his brother—that heart-felt cheerfulness with which Henry had ever given him joy upon every happy occasion—even amidst all the politer congratulations of his other friends—seemed to the dean mournfully wanting. This derogation from his felicity he was resolved to resent—and for a whole year these brothers, whom adversity had entwined closely together, prosperity separated.

Though Henry, on his marriage, paid so much attention to his brother's prejudices, as to take his wife from
her

her public employment, this had not so entirely removed the scruples of William, as to permit him to think her a worthy companion for Lady Clementina, the daughter of a poor Scotch earl, whom he had chosen, merely that he might be proud of her family ; though, in return, he should suffer that family to be ashamed of *his*.

If Henry's wife was not fit company for Lady Clementina, it is to be hoped she was company for angels—she died within the first year of her marriage, a faithful, an affectionate wife and a mother.

When William heard of her death, he felt a sudden shock—and a kind of fleeting thought glanced across his mind, that

“ Had

“Had he known she had been so near her dissolution, she might have been introduced to Lady Clementina : and he himself would have called her sister.”

That is (if he had defined his fleeting idea) “they would have had no objection to have met this poor woman for the *last time* ; and would have descended to the familiarity of kindred, in order to have wished her a good journey to the other world.”

Or, is there in death something that so raises the abjectness of the poor, that, on their approach to its sheltering abode, the arrogant believer feels the equality he had before denied, and trembles?

CHAPTER VII.

THE wife of Henry had been dead near six weeks before the dean heard the news: a month then elapsed in thoughts by himself, and consultations with Lady Clementina, how he should conduct himself, on this occurrence. Her advice was,

“That as Henry was the youngest, and by their stations, in every sense, the dean’s inferior, he ought first to make overtures of reconciliation.”

The dean answered, “He had no doubt of his brother’s good will to him: but that he had reason to think, from the knowledge of his temper, he would be more likely to come to him upon an occasion to bestow comfort, than to receive

ceive it: for instance, if I had suffered the misfortune of losing you, my brother, I have no doubt, would have forgotten his resentment, and ——”

She was offended that the loss of the vulgar wife of Henry should be compared to the loss of her—she lamented her indiscretion in forming an alliance with a family of no rank, and implored the dean to wait till his brother should make some concession to him, before he renewed the acquaintance.

Though Lady Clementina had mentioned on this occasion her *indiscretion*, she was of a prudent age—she was near forty—yet, possessing rather a handsome face and person, she would not have impressed the spectator with an idea that she was near so old, had she not constantly attempted to appear much younger.

*

Her

Her dress was fantastically fashionable, her manners affected all the various passions of youth, and her conversation was perpetually embellished with accusations upon her own "heedlessness, thoughtlessness, carelessness, and childishness."

There is perhaps, in every individual, one parent motive to every action, good or bad: be that as it will, it was evident, that with Lady Clementina, all she said or did, all she thought or looked, had but one foundation—vanity.—If she was nice, or if she was negligent, vanity was the cause of both; for she would contemplate with the highest degree of self-complacency "what such a one would say of her elegant preciseness, or what such a one would think of her interesting neglect."

If she complained she was ill, it was with the certainty that her languor would be admired; if she boasted she was well, it was that the spectator might admire her glowing health; if she laughed, it was because she thought it made her look pretty; if she cried, it was because she thought it made her look prettier still.—If she scolded her servants, it was from vanity, to show her superior knowledge to theirs; and she was kind to them from the same vice, that her benevolence might excite their admiration.—Forward, and impertinent in the company of her equals from the vanity of supposing herself above them, she was bashful even to shamefacedness in the presence of her superiors, because her vanity told her she engrossed all their observation. Through vanity she had no memory; for

for she constantly forgot every thing she heard others say, from the minute attention which she paid to every thing she said herself.

She had become an old maid from vanity, believing no offer she received worthy of her deserts ; and when her power of farther conquest began to be doubted, she married from vanity to repair the character of her fading charms. In a word, her vanity was of that magnitude, that she had no idea but that she was humble in her own opinion ; and it would have been impossible to have convinced her that she thought well of herself, because she thought *so well*, as to be assured, that her own thoughts undervalued her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT, which in a weak woman is called vanity, in a man of sense is termed pride—make one a degree stronger, or the other a degree weaker, and the dean and his wife were infected with the self-same folly. Yet, do not let the reader suppose that this failing (however despicable) had erased from either bosom all traces of humanity. They are human creatures who are meant to be portrayed in this little book, and where is the human creature who has not some good qualities to soften, if not counterbalance his bad ones?

The dean, with all his pride, could
not

not wholly forget his brother, nor eradicate from his remembrance the friend he had been to him—he resolved therefore, in spite of his wife’s advice, to make him some overture, which he had no doubt but Henry’s good nature would instantly accept. The more he became acquainted with all the vain and selfish propensities of Lady Clementina, the more he felt a returning affection for his brother: but little did he suspect how much he loved him, till (after sending to various places to enquire for him) he learnt—that on his wife’s decease, unable to support her loss in the surrounding scene, Henry had taken the child she brought him in his arms, shaken hands with all his former friends—passing over his brother in the number—and set sail in a vessel bound for

Africa, with a party of Portuguese and some few English adventurers, to people there the uninhabited part of an extensive island.

This was a resolution, in Henry's circumstances, worthy a mind of singular sensibility: but William had not discerned, till then, that every act of Henry's was of the same description; and more than all, his every act towards him.—He staggered when he heard the tidings; at first thought them untrue; but quickly recollected that Henry was capable of surprising deeds! He recollected, with a force that gave him torture, the benevolence his brother had ever shown towards him—the favours he had heaped upon him—the insults he had patiently endured in requital!

In

In the first emotion, which this intelligence gave the dean, he forgot the dignity of his walk and gesture—He ran with frantic enthusiasm to every corner of his house where the least vestige of what belonged to Henry, remained—He pressed close to his breast, with tender agony, a coat of his, which by accident had been left there—He kissed and wept over a walking-stick which Henry once had given him—He even took up a music-book of his brother's with delight—nor would his poor violin, had it been there, have then excited anger.

When his grief became more calm, he sat in deep and melancholy meditation, calling to mind, when, and where he saw his brother last. The recollection gave him fresh cause of regret.

He remembered they had parted on his refusal to suffer Lady Clementina to admit the acquaintance of Henry's wife.—Both Henry and his wife he now contemplated beyond the reach of his pride ; and he felt the meanness of his triumph.

To add to his self-reproaches, he beheld in his tormented memory the countenance of his brother at their last interview, as it changed, while he censured his marriage, and treated with disrespect the object of his conjugal affection. He remembered the anger repressed, the tear bursting forth, and the last glimpse he had of him, as he left his presence for ever.

In vain he now wished, that he had followed him to the door—that he had
once

once shaken hands and owned his obligations to him before they had parted. In vain he wished too, that, in this extreme agony of his mind, he had such a friend to comfort him, as Henry had ever proved.

CHAPTER IX.

THE avocations of an elevated life erase the deepest impressions—the dean, in a few months, recovered of those which his brother's departure first made upon him; and would now at times even condemn, in anger, Henry's having so hastily abandoned him and his native country, in resentment, as he conceived, of a few misfortunes which his usual fortitude should have taught him to bear. Yet, was he still desirous of his return, and wrote two or three letters expressive of his wish, which he anxiously endeavoured should reach him. But many years elapsing without any intelligence from him, and a report having

having arrived that he, and all the party with whom he went, were slain by the savage inhabitants of the island, William's despair of seeing his brother again, caused the desire to diminish; while attention and affection to a still nearer and dearer relation than Henry ever was to him, now chiefly engaged his mind.

Lady Clementina had brought him a son, on whom, from his infancy, he doated—and the boy, in riper years, possessing a handsome person and evincing a quickness of parts, gratified the father's darling passion, pride; as well as the mother's vanity.

The dean had, besides this child, a domestic comfort highly gratifying to his ambition: the bishop of **** became

came intimately acquainted with him soon after his marriage, and from his daily visits had become, as it were, a part of the family. This was much honour to the dean, not only as the bishop was his superior in the church, but was of that part of the bench whose blood is ennobled by a race of ancestors, and to which, all wisdom on the plebeian side crouches in humble respect.

Year after year rolled on in pride and grandeur; the bishop and the dean passing their time in attending levees and in talking politics; Lady Clementina passing hers in attending routs and in talking of *herself*, till the son arrived at the age of thirteen.

Young William passed *his* time, from morning till night, with persons who
taught

taught him to walk, to ride, to talk, to think like a man—a foolish man, instead of a wise child, as nature designed him to be.

This unfortunate youth was never permitted to have one conception of his own—all was taught him—he was never once asked “what he thought?” but men were paid to tell him “how to think.” He was taught to revere such and such persons, however unworthy of his reverence; to believe such and such things, however unworthy of his credit; and to act so and so, on such and such occasions, however unworthy of his feelings.

Such were the lessons of the tutors assigned him by his father—Those masters whom his mother gave him, did
* him

him less mischief; for though they distorted his limbs and made his manners effeminate, they did not interfere with the internal.

Mr. Norwynne (the family name of his father, and though but a school-boy, he was called *Mister*) could talk on history, on politics, and on religion; surprisingly to all who never listened to a parrot or a magpie—for he merely repeated what he had heard, without one reflection upon the sense or probability of his report. He had been praised for his memory, and to continue that praise, he was so anxious to retain every sentence he had heard or he had read, that the poor creature had no time for one native idea, but only re-delivered his tutors' lessons to his father, and his father's to his tutors. But, whatever he

he said or did, was the admiration of all who came to the house of the dean, and who knew he was an only child—Indeed, considering the labour that was taken to spoil him, he was rather a commendable youth; for, with the pedantic folly of his tutors, the blind affection of his father and mother, the obsequiousness of the servants, and flattery of the visitors, it was some credit to him that he was not an idiot, or a brute—Though when he imitated the manners of a man, he had something of the latter in his appearance—for he would grin and bow to a lady, catch her fan in haste if it fell, and hand her to her coach, as thoroughly void of all the sentiment, which gives grace to such tricks, as a monkey.

CHAP-

CHAPTER X.

ONE morning in winter, just as the dean, his wife, and darling child, had finished their breakfast at their house in London, a servant brought in a letter to his master, and said "The man waited for an answer."

"Who is the man?" cried the dean, with all that terrifying dignity, with which he never failed to address his inferiors, especially such as waited on his person.

The servant replied with a fervility of tone equal to the haughty one of his master "he did not know, but that the man looked like a sailor, and had a boy with him."

"A beg-

“A begging letter no doubt,” cried Lady Clementina.

“Take it back,” said the dean, “and bid him send up word who he is, or what is his errand.”

The servant went; and returning said “He comes from on board a ship, his captain sent him, and his errand is, he believes, to leave a boy he has brought with him.”

“A boy!” (cried the dean) “what have I to do with a boy? I expect no boy. What boy? What age?”

“He looks about twelve or thirteen,” replied the servant.

“He is mistaken in the house,” (said the dean). “Let me look at the letter again.”

He did look at it, and saw it was directed plainly to himself—Upon a second glance, he had so perfect a re-

collection of the hand as to open it instantaneously; and after ordering the servant to withdraw, he read the following:

“ZOCOTORA ISLAND, April 6th.

“MY DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM,

“IT is a long time since we have
“seen one another, but I hope not so
“long, that you have quite forgotten
“the many happy days we once passed
“together.

“I did not take my leave of you
“when I left England, because it
“would have been too much for me—
“I had met with a great many for-
“rows just at that time, one of which
“was, the misfortune of losing the use
“of my right hand by a fall from my
“horse,

“ horse, which accident robbed me of
“ most of my friends, for I could no
“ longer entertain them with my per-
“ formance as I used to do ; and so I
“ was ashamed to see them or you ;
“ and that was the reason I came hither
“ to try my fortune with some other
“ adventurers.

“ You have I suppose heard, how
“ the savages of the island put our
“ whole party to death except myself.
“ I was heart-broken for my comrades,
“ but yet upon the whole I do not
“ know that the savages were much
“ to blame—we had no business to
“ invade their territories, and if they
“ had invaded England, we should
“ have done the same by them.—My
“ life was spared, because, having
“ gained some little strength in my
“ hand, during the voyage, I pleased
“ their

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“ their king, when I arrived there,
“ with playing on my violin.

“ They spared my child too, in pity
“ to my lamentations, when they were
“ going to put him to death.—Now,
“ dear brother, before I say any more
“ concerning my child to you, I will
“ first ask your pardon for any offence
“ I may have ever given you in all the
“ time we lived so long together—I
“ know you have often found fault
“ with me, and I dare say I have been
“ to blame very often; but I here so-
“ lemnly declare that I never did any
“ thing purposely to offend you, but
“ mostly all I could, to oblige you—
“ and I can safely declare, that I never
“ bore you above a quarter of an hour’s
“ resentment, for any thing you might
“ say to me which I thought harsh.

“ Now, dear William, after being in
“ this

“ this island eleven years, the weakness
“ in my hand has unfortunately re-
“ turned, and yet there being no ap-
“ pearance of complaint, the unin-
“ formed islanders think it is all my
“ obstinacy, and that I *will not* enter-
“ tain them with my music, which
“ makes me say that I *cannot* ; and they
“ have imprisoned me, and threaten to
“ put my son to death if I persist in my
“ stubbornness any longer.

“ The anguish I feel in my mind
“ takes away all hope of the recovery
“ of strength in my hand, and I have
“ no doubt but that they intend in a
“ few days to put their horrid threat
“ into execution.

“ Therefore, dear brother William,
“ hearing from my prison of a most un-
“ common circumstance, which is that
“ an English vessel is lying at a small

“ distance from the island, I have en-
“ trusted a faithful negro to take my
“ child to the ship, and deliver him to
“ the captain, with a request that he
“ may be sent (with this letter) to you,
“ on the ship’s arrival in England.

“ Now, my dear dear brother Wil-
“ liam, in case the poor boy should live
“ to come to you, I have no doubt but
“ you will receive him; yet, excuse a
“ poor fond father, if I say a word or
“ two that I hope may prove in his
“ favour.

“ Pray, my dear brother, do not think
“ it the child’s fault, but mine, that
“ you will find him so ignorant—he
“ has always shown a quickness and
“ a willingness to learn, and would,
“ I dare say, if he had been brought
“ up under your care, have been by
“ this time a Greek scholar—but you
“ know

“ know I am no scholar myself. Be-
“ sides, not having any books here, I
“ have only been able to teach my
“ child by talking to him ; and in all
“ my conversations with him, I have
“ never taken much pains to instruct
“ him in the manners of my own coun-
“ try ; thinking, that if ever he went
“ over, he would learn them soon
“ enough ; and if he never *did* go
“ over, that it would be as well, he
“ knew nothing about them.

“ I have kept him also from the know-
“ ledge of every thing which I have
“ thought pernicious in the conduct of
“ the savages, except now and then
“ pointing out a few of their faults,
“ in order to give him a true con-
“ ception and a proper distaste of them.
“ At the same time I have taught him
“ to love, and to do good to his neigh-

“bour, whoever that neighbour might
“be, and whatever might be his fail-
“ings. Falsehood of every kind I in-
“cluded in this precept as forbidden,
“for no one can love his neighbour
“and deceive him.

“I have instructed him too, to hold
“in contempt all frivolous vanity, and
“all kinds of indulgences which he
“was never likely to obtain. He has
“learnt all I have undertaken to teach
“him, but I am afraid you will yet
“think he has learnt too little.

“Your wife, I fear, will be offended
“at his want of politeness, and perhaps
“want of proper respect for a person of
“her rank; but indeed he is very trac-
“table, and can, without severity, be
“cured of all his faults; and though
“you will find he has many, yet, pray
“my dear brother, pray my dear bro-
“ther

“ ther William, call to mind he has
“ been a dutiful and an affectionate
“ child to me ; and that, had it pleased
“ heaven we had lived together for
“ many years to come, I verily believe
“ that I should never have experienced
“ one mark of his disobedience.

“ Farewel for ever, my dear dear
“ brother William—and if my poor,
“ kind, affectionate child should live
“ to bring you this letter, sometimes
“ speak to him of me ; and let him
“ know, that for twelve years he was
“ my sole comfort ; and that, when I
“ sent him from me, in order to save
“ his life, I laid down my head upon
“ the floor of the cell in which I was
“ confined, and prayed that heaven
“ might end my days before the morn-
“ ing.”

This

This was the conclusion of the letter, except four or five lines which (with his name) were so much blotted, apparently with tears, that they were illegible.

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE the dean was reading to himself this letter, his countenance frequently changed, and once or twice the tears streamed from his eyes. When it was finished, he exclaimed

“My brother has sent his child to me, and I will be a parent to him.” He was going towards the door when Lady Clementina stopped him.

“Is it proper, do you think, dean, that all the servants in the house should be witnesses to your meeting with your brother and your nephew in the state in which they must be at present?—send for them into a private apartment.”

“My brother!” (cried the dean) “Oh!
that

that it *were* my brother! The man is merely a person from the ship, who has conducted his child hither."

The bell was rung, money was sent to the man, and orders given that the boy should be shown up immediately.

While young Henry was walking up the stairs, the dean's wife was weighing in her mind, in what manner it would most redound to her honour to receive him; for her vanity taught her to believe that the whole inquisitive world pried into her conduct even upon every family occurrence.

Young William was wondering to himself what kind of an unpolished monster his beggarly cousin would appear; and was contemplating "how
much

much the poor youth would be surprised, and awed by his superiority.”

The dean felt no other sensation than an impatient desire of beholding the child.

The door opened—and the son of his brother Henry, of his benefactor, entered.

The habit he had on when he left his father, being worn out by the length of the voyage, he was in the dress of a sailor-boy. Though about the same age with his cousin, he was something taller: and though a strong family resemblance appeared between the two youths, he was handsomer than William; and from a simplicity spread over his countenance, a quick impatience
in

in his eye, which denoted anxious curiosity, and childish surprise at every new object which presented itself, he appeared younger than his informed, and well-bred cousin.

He walked into the room, not with a dictated obeisance, but with a hurrying step, a half pleased, yet a half frightened look, an instantaneous survey of every person present; not as demanding "what they thought of him," but expressing, almost as plainly as in direct words, "what he thought of them." For all alarm in respect to his safety and reception seemed now wholly forgotten in the curiosity which the sudden sight of strangers, such as he had never seen in his life before, excited. And as to *himself*, he did not appear to know there was such a person

*

son

tion existing: his whole faculties were absorbed in *others*.

The dean's reception of him did honour to his sensibility; and his gratitude to his brother.—After the first affectionate gaze, he ran to him, took him in his arms, sat down, drew him to him, held him between his knees, and repeatedly exclaimed, “I will repay to you, all I owe to your father.”

The boy, in return, hugged the dean round the neck, kissed him, and cried,

“Oh you *are* my father—you have just such eyes, and such a forehead—indeed you would be almost the same as he, if it were not for that great white thing which grows upon your head!”

Let the reader understand, that the dean, fondly attached to every ornament

ment of his dignified function, was never seen (unless caught in bed) without an enormous wig—with this, young Henry was enormously struck; having never seen so unbecoming a decoration, either in the savage island from whence he came, or on board of the vessel in which he sailed.

“Do you imagine” (cried his uncle, laying his hand gently on the reverend habiliment) “that this grows?”

“What is on *my* head grows,” said young Henry, “and so does what is upon my father’s.”

“But now you are come to Europe, you will see many persons with such things as these, which they put on and take off.”

“Why do you wear such things?”

“As a distinction between us and inferior

ferior people: they are worn to give an importance to the wearer."

"That is just as the savages do; they stick brass nails, wire, buttons, and entrails of beasts all over them to give them importance.

The dean now led his nephew to Lady Clementina, and told him "That was his aunt, to whom he must behave with the utmost respect."

"I will, I will," he replied, "for she, I see, is a person of importance too—she has, very near, such a white thing upon her head as you have!"

His aunt had not yet fixed, in what manner it was best to behave; whether with intimidating grandeur, or with amiable tenderness. While she was

hesitating between the two, she felt a kind of jealous apprehension that her son was not so engaging either in his person or address as his cousin; and therefore she said

“ I hope, dean, the arrival of this child will give you a still higher sense of the happiness we enjoy in our own—what an instructive contrast between the manners of the one, and of the other !”

“ It is not the child’s fault,” returned the dean, “ that he is not so elegant in his manners as his cousin ;—had William been bred in the same place, he would have been as unpolished as this boy.”

“ I beg your pardon, sir” (said young William with a formal bow and a sarcastic smile) “ for I assure you that several
ral

ral of my tutors have told me, that I appear to know many things by instinct."

Young Henry fixed his eyes upon his cousin while with steady self-complacency he delivered this speech; and no sooner was it concluded than Henry cried out in a kind of wonder

"A little man! as I am alive, a little man! I did not know there were such little men in this country! I never saw one in my life before!"

"This is a boy" (said the dean) "a boy not older than yourself."

He put their hands together, and William gravely shook hands with his cousin.

"It *is* a man," continued young Henry—then stroked his cousin's chin. "No no, I do not know whether it is or not."

“I tell you again,” said the dean, “he is a boy of your own age—you and he are cousins, for I am his father.”

“How can that be?” (said young Henry) “he called you *Sir*.”

“In this country,” said the dean, “polite children do not call their parents *father* and *mother*.”

“Then don’t they sometimes forget to love them as such?” asked Henry.

His uncle became now impatient to interrogate him in every particular, concerning his father’s state—Lady Clementina felt equal impatience to know where the father was; whether he was coming to live with them, wanted any thing of them, and every circumstance in which her vanity was
6 interested.

interested. Explanations followed all these questions ; but which, merely agreeing with what the elder Henry's letter has related, require no recital here.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT vanity which presided over every thought and deed of Lady Clementina's, was the protector of young Henry within her house: it represented to her "how amiable her conduct would appear in the eye of the world, should she condescend to treat this destitute nephew as her own son:" it represented to her "the envy such heroic virtue would excite in the hearts of her particular friends, and what grief in the bosom of all those who did not like her."

The dean was a man of acute penetration; he understood the thoughts
which

which upon this occasion passed in the mind of his wife ; and in order to insure her kind treatment of the boy, instead of reproaching her for the cold manner in which she had at first received him, he praised her tender and sympathetic heart for having shown him so much kindness : and thus stimulated her vanity to be praised still more.

William, the mother's own son, far from apprehending a rival in this savage boy, was convinced of his own pre-eminence, and felt an affection for him ; though rather as a foil, than as a cousin. He sported with his ignorance upon all occasions, and even lay in wait for circumstances that might expose it : while young Henry, strongly impressed with every thing that ap-
F 4 peared

peared new to him, expressed, without reserve, the sensations which those novelties excited; and felt little care what construction was put upon his observations.

He never appeared offended, or abashed when laughed at, but still pursued his questions, and still discovered his wonder at many replies made to him, though "simpleton," "poor silly boy," and "ideot," were vociferated around him from his cousin, his aunt, and their constant visitor the bishop.

His uncle would frequently undertake to instruct him; so indeed would the bishop; but Lady Clementina, her son, and the greatest part of her companions, found something so irresistibly ridiculous in his remarks, that nothing
but

but immoderate laughter followed: they thought such folly had even merit in the way of entertainment, and they wished him no wiser.

Having been told, that every morning on first seeing his uncle he was to make a respectful bow, and coming into the dean's dressing-room just as he was out of bed, his wig lying on the table, Henry appeared at a loss which of the two he should bow to—at last he gave the preference to his uncle; but afterwards, bowed reverently to the wig. In this, he did what he conceived was proper, from the introduction which the dean, on his first arrival, had given him to this venerable stranger; for in reality, Henry had a contempt for all finery; and had called even his aunt's jewels, when they were
first

first shown to him, "trumpery," asking "what they were good for?" But being corrected in this disrespect, and informed of their high value, he, like a good convert, gave up his reason to his faith: and becoming, like all converts, over zealous, he now believed there was great worth in glittering appearances, and respected the ear-rings of Lady Clementina almost as much as he respected her.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was to be lamented, that when young Henry had been several months in England, had been taught to read, and had of course, in the society in which he lived, seen much of the enlightened world, yet the natural expectation of his improvement was by no means answered.

Notwithstanding the sensibility, which upon various occasions he manifested in the most captivating degree, notwithstanding the seeming gentleness of his nature upon all occasions, there now appeared in most of his enquiries and remarks, a something which demonstrated

strated either a stupid, or troublesome disposition; either dulness of conception, or an obstinacy of perseverance in comments and in arguments that were glaringly false.

Observing his uncle one day offended with his coachman, and hearing him say to him in a very angry tone "You shall never drive me again"

The moment the man quitted the room, Henry (with his eyes fixed in the deepest contemplation) repeated five or six times in a half whisper to himself

"You shall never drive me again."

"You shall never drive me again."

The dean at last asked "what he meant by thus repeating his words?"

"I am trying to find out what *you* meant," said Henry.

"What! do not you know," cried his enlightened

enlightened cousin, "Richard is turned away?—he is never to get upon our coach-box again, never to drive any of us any more."

"And was it pleasure to drive us, cousin?—I am sure I have often pitied him—it rained sometimes very hard when he was on the box—and sometimes Lady Clementina has kept him a whole hour at the door all in the cold and snow—was that pleasure?"

"No," replied young William.

"Was it honour, cousin?"

"No," exclaimed his cousin with a contemptuous smile.

"Then why did my uncle say to him as a punishment 'he should never'——"

"Come hither, child," said the dean, "and let me instruct you—your father's negligence has been inexcusable—There are in society" (continued the dean)
"rich

“rich and poor; the poor are born to serve the rich.”

“And what are the rich born for?”

“To be served by the poor.”

“But suppose the poor would not serve them?”

“Then they must starve.”

“And so poor people are permitted to live, only upon condition that they wait upon the rich?”

“Is that a hard condition? or if it were, they will be rewarded in a better world than this.”

“Is there a better world than this?”

“Is it possible you do not know there is?”

“I heard my father once say something about a world to come; but he stopt short, and said I was too young to understand what he meant.”

“The world to come” (returned the
* dean)

dean) “is where we shall go after death ; and there no distinction will be made between rich and poor—all persons there will be equal.”

“Aye, now I see what makes it a better world than this. But cannot this world try to be as good as that?”

“In respect to placing all persons on a level, it is utterly impossible—God has ordained it otherwise.”

“How! has God ordained a distinction to be made, and will not make any himself?”

The dean did not proceed in his instructions ; he now began to think his brother in the right, and that the boy was too young, or too weak, to comprehend the subject.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN addition to his ignorant conversation upon many topics, young Henry had an incorrigible misconception and misapplication of many *words*—his father having had but few opportunities of discoursing with him upon account of his attendance at the court of the savages; and not having books in the island, he had consequently many words to learn of this country's language when he arrived in England: this task his retentive memory made easy to him; but his childish inattention to their proper signification still made his want of education conspicuous.

He

He would call *compliments*, *lies*—*Re-serve*, he would call *pride*—*stateliness*, *affectation*—and for the monosyllable *war*, he constantly substituted the word *massacre*.

“Sir,” said William, to his father one morning as he entered the room, “do you hear how the cannons are firing, and the bells ringing?”

“Then I dare say,” cried Henry, “there has been another massacre.”

The dean called to him in anger “Will you never learn the right use of words? You mean to say a battle.”

“Then what is a massacre?” cried the frightened, but still curious Henry.

“A massacre” replied his uncle, “is when a number of people are slain—”

“I thought,” returned Henry, “soldiers had been people!”

“You interrupt me,” said the dean,

“ before I finished my sentence — certainly, both soldiers and sailors are people, but they engage to die by their own free will and consent.”

“ What ! all of them ?”

“ Most of them.”

“ But the rest are massacred ?”

The dean answered “ The number that go to battle unwillingly, and by force, are few ; and for the others, they have previously sold their lives to the state.”

“ For what ?”

“ For soldiers’ and sailors’ pay.”

“ My father used to tell me, we must not take away our own lives ; but he forgot to tell me, we might sell them for others to take away.”

“ William,” (said the dean to his son, his patience tired with his nephew’s persevering nonsense) “ explain to your
* cousin

cousin the difference between a battle and a massacre."

"A massacre," said William, rising from his seat, and fixing his eyes alternately upon his father, his mother, and the bishop (all of whom were present) for their approbation, rather than the person's to whom his instructions were to be addressed—"a massacre," said William, "is when human beings are slain, who have it not in their power to defend themselves."

"Dear cousin William," (said Henry) "that must ever be the case, with every one who is killed."

After a short hesitation, William replied, "In massacres people are put to death for no crime, but merely because they are objects of suspicion."

"But in battle," said Henry, "the persons put to death, are not even suspected."

The bishop now condescended to end this disputation by saying emphatically

“Consider, young savage, that in battle neither the infant, the aged, the sick or infirm are involved, but only those in the full prime of health and vigour.”

As this argument came from so great and reverend a man as the bishop, Henry was obliged, by a frown from his uncle, to submit, as one refuted; although he had an answer at the veriest tip of his tongue, which it was torture to him not to utter. What he wished to say must ever remain a secret. —The church has its terrors as well as the law, and Henry was awed by the dean’s tremendous wig, as much as Pater-noster Row is awed by the attorney-general.

CHAPTER XV.

IF the dean had loved his wife but moderately, seeing all her faults clearly as he did, he must frequently have quarrelled with her : if he had loved her with tendernefs, he must have treated her with a degree of violence in the hope of amending her failings : but having neither personal, nor mental affection towards her sufficiently interesting to give himself the trouble to contradict her will in any thing, he passed for one of the best husbands in the world. Lady Clementina went out when she liked, staid at home when she liked, dressed as she liked, and talked as she liked, without a word of disapprobation.

tion from her husband, and all—because he cared nothing about her.

Her vanity attributed this indulgence to inordinate affection : and observers in general thought her happier in her marriage, than the beloved wife who bathes her pillow with her tears by the side of an angry husband, whose affection is so excessive, that he unkindly upbraids her because she is—less than perfection.

The dean's wife was not so dispassionately considered by some of his acquaintance as by himself ; for they would now and then hint at her foibles ; but this great liberty she also conceived to be the effect of most violent love, or most violent admiration ; and such would have been her construction had they

they commended her follies—had they totally flighted, or had they beaten her.

Amongst those acquaintances, the Bishop of ****, by far the most frequent visitor, did not come merely to lounge an idle hour, but he had a more powerful motive; the desire of fame, and dread of being thought a man receiving large emolument for unimportant service.

The dean, if he did not procure him the renown he wished, still preserved him from the apprehended censure.

The elder William was to his negligent or ignorant superiors in the church, such as an apt boy at school is to the rich dunces—William

performed the prelates' tasks for them, and they rewarded him—not indeed with toys or money, but with their countenance, their company, their praise.—And scarcely was there a sermon preached from the patrician part of the bench, that the dean did not fashion some periods, blot out some uncouth phrases, render some obscure sentiments intelligible, and was the certain person, when the work was printed, to correct the press.

The Honourable and Right Reverend Bishop of **** delighted in printing and publishing his works; or rather the entire works of the dean, which passed for his—and so degradingly did William, the shopkeeper's son, think of his own honest extraction, that he was blinded, even to

to the loss of honour, by the lustre of this noble acquaintance: for though, in other respects, a man of integrity, yet, when the gratification of his friend was the concern, he was a liar; he not only disowned his giving him aid in any of his publications, but he never published any thing in his own name, without declaring to the world, “That he had been obliged for all the hints on the subject, for many of the most judicious corrections, and for those passages in page so and so (naming the most eloquent part of the work) to his noble and learned friend the bishop.

The dean's wife being a fine lady—while her husband and his friend pored over books or their own manuscripts at home, she ran from house to house, from public amusement to public amusement, but much less for the pleasure

sure of *seeing* than for that of being *seen*. Nor was it material to her enjoyment whether she was observed, or welcome where she went, as she never entertained the smallest doubt of either; but rested assured that her presence roused curiosity and dispensed gladness all around.

One morning she went forth to pay her visits, all smiles, such as she thought captivating: she returned, all tears, such as she thought no less endearing.

Three ladies accompanied her home, entreating her to be patient under a misfortune to which even kings are liable, namely, defamation.

Young Henry, struck with compassion at grief, of which he knew not yet the cause, begged to know "What was the matter?"

"Inhuman

“ Inhuman monsters, to treat a woman thus !” cried his aunt in fury—casting the corner of her eye into a looking-glass to see how rage became her.

“ But, comfort yourself” (said one of her companions) “ few people will believe you merit the charge.”

“ But few ! if only one believe it, I shall call my reputation lost, and I will shut myself in some lonely hut, and give up all that is dear to me for ever !”

“ What ! all your fine cloaths !” said Henry in amazement.

“ Of what importance will my best dresses be, when nobody would see them ?”

“ You would see them yourself, dear aunt, and I am sure nobody admires them more.”

“ Now

“ Now you speak of that,” said she, “ I do not think this gown I have on becoming—I am sure I look ——”

The dean, with the bishop (to whom he had been reading a treatise just going to the press, which was to be published in the name of the latter, though written by the former) now entered, to enquire why they had been sent for in such haste.

“ Oh dean ! Oh my lord !” she cried, resuming that grief which the thoughts of her dress had for a time dispelled—
“ My reputation is destroyed—a public print has accused me of playing deep at my own house, and winning all the money.”

“ The world will never reform,” said the bishop: “ all our labour, my friend, is thrown away.”

“ But is it possible,” cried the dean,
“ that

“that any one has dared to say this of you?”

“Here it is in print.” Said she, holding out a newspaper.

The dean read the paragraph, and then exclaimed “I can forgive a falsehood *spoken*—the warmth of conversation may excuse it—but to *write* and *print* an untruth is unpardonable—and I will prosecute this publisher.”

“Still the falsehood will go down to posterity,” (said Lady Clementina) “and after ages will think I was a gambler.”

“Comfort yourself, dear madam,” said young Henry, wishing to console her, “perhaps after ages may not hear of you; nor even the present age think much about you.”

The bishop now exclaimed, after having taken the paper from the dean
and

and read the paragraph, "It is a libel, a rank libel, and the author must be punished."

"Not only the author but the publisher." Said the dean.

"Not only the publisher, but the printer." Continued the bishop.

"And must my name be bandied about by lawyers in a common court of justice?" cried Lady Clementina: "How shocking to my delicacy!"

"My lord, it is a pity we cannot try them by the ecclesiastical court." Said the dean, with a sigh!

"Nor by the India delinquent bill," said the bishop with vexation.

"So totally innocent as I am!" she vociferated with fobs. "Every one knows I never touch a card at home, and this libel charges me with playing at my own house—and though, whenever I do play,

play, I own I am apt to win, yet it is merely for my amusement."

"Win or not win, play or not play," exclaimed both the church-men, "this is a libel: no doubt, no doubt, a libel."

Poor Henry's confined knowledge of his native language tormented him so much with curiosity upon this occasion, that he went softly up to his uncle, and asked him in a whisper, "What was the meaning of the word libel?"

"A libel," replied the dean, in a raised voice, "is that, which one person publishes to the injury of another."

"And what can the injured person do" (asked Henry) "if the accusation should chance to be true?"

"Prosecute." Replied the dean.

"But then, what does he do if the accusation is false?"

"Prosecute

“Prosecute likewise.” Answered the dean.

“How, uncle! is it possible that the innocent behave just like the guilty?”

“There is no other way to act.”

“Why then, if I was the innocent, I would do nothing at all, sooner than I would act like the guilty. I would not persecute ———”

“I said *prosecute*.” (Cried the dean in anger) “Leave the room, you have no comprehension.”

“Oh yes, now I understand the difference of the two words—but they sound so alike I did not observe the distinction at first. You said “the innocent *prosecute*, but the guilty *persecute*.” He bowed (convinced as he thought) and left the room.

“After this modern star-chamber,
which

which was left fitting, had agreed on its mode of vengeance, and the writer of the libel was made acquainted with his danger, he waited, in all humility, upon Lady Clementina, and assured her, with every appearance of sincerity—

“That she was not the person alluded to by the paragraph in question, but that the initials which she had conceived to mark out her name, were, in fact, meant to point out Lady Catharine Newland.”

“But, Sir,” cried Lady Clementina, “what could induce you to write such a paragraph upon Lady Catharine? She *never* plays.”

“We know that, madam, or we dared not to have attacked her. Though we must circulate libels, madam, to gratify our numerous readers, yet no people are more in fear of prosecutions than au-

thors and editors ; therefore, unless we are deceived in our information, we always take care to libel the innocent—we apprehend nothing from them—their own characters support them—but the guilty are very tenacious ; and what they cannot secure by fair means, they will employ force to accomplish. Dear madam, be assured I have too much regard for a wife and seven small children, who are maintained by my industry alone, to have written any thing in the nature of a libel upon your ladyship."

CHAPTER XVI.

ABOUT this period the dean had just published a pamphlet in his own name, and in which that of his friend the bishop was only mentioned with thanks for hints, observations, and condescending encouragement to the author.

This pamphlet glowed with the dean's love for his country; and such a country as he described, it was impossible *not* to love. "Salubrious air, fertile fields, wood, water, corn, grafs, sheep, oxen, fish, fowl, fruit, and vegetables," were dispersed with the most prodigal hand—"valiant men, pretty women; statef-

men wise and just ; tradesmen abounding in merchandise and money ; husbandsmen possessing peace, ease, plenty : and all ranks, liberty.”—This brilliant description, while the dean read the work to his family, so charmed poor Henry that he repeatedly cried out

“ I am glad I came to this country.”

But it so happened that a few days after, Lady Clementina, in order to render the delicacy of her taste admired, could eat of no one dish upon the table, but found fault with them all. The dean at length said to her

“ Indeed you are too nice—reflect upon the hundreds of poor creatures who have not a morsel, or a drop of any thing to subsist upon, except bread and water ; and even of the first a scanty allowance, but for which they are obliged

obliged to toil six days in the week, from sun to sun."

"Pray, uncle," cried Henry, "in what country do these poor people live?"

"In this country." Replied the dean.

Henry rose from his chair, ran to the chimney-piece, took up his uncle's pamphlet, and said, "I don't remember your mentioning them here."

"Perhaps I have not." Answered the dean coolly.

Still Henry turned over each leaf of the book, but he could meet only with luxurious details of "the fruits of the earth, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea."

"Why here is provision enough for all the people," said Henry: "why should they want? why do not they go and take some of these things?"

H 3

"They

“They must not,” said the dean,
“unless they were their own.”

“What! uncle, does no part of the
earth, nor any thing which the earth
produces, belong to the poor?”

“Certainly not.”

“Why did not you say so then in
your pamphlet?”

“Because it is what every body
knows.”

“Oh, then, what you have said in your
pamphlet, is only what—nobody knows.”

There appeared to the dean, in the
delivery of this sentence, a satirical
acrimony, which his irritability as an
author could but ill forgive.

An author, it is said, has more acute
feelings in respect to his works, than
any artist in the world besides.

Henry

Henry had some cause, on the present occasion, to think this observation just; for no sooner had he spoken the foregoing words, than his uncle took him by the hand out of the room; and leading him to his study, there he enumerated his various faults, and having told him "it was for all those, too long permitted with impunity, and not merely for the *present* impertinence, that he meant to punish him," ordered him to close confinement in his chamber for a week.

In the mean time the dean's pamphlet (less hurt by Henry's critique than *he* had been) was proceeding to the tenth edition, and the author acquiring literary reputation beyond what he had ever conferred on his friend the bishop.

The style, the energy, the eloquence of the work, was echoed by every reader who could afford to buy it—some few enlightened ones excepted, who chiefly admired the author's *invention*.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE dean, in the good humour which the rapid sale of his book produced, once more took his nephew to his bosom; and although the ignorance of young Henry upon the late occasions, had offended him very highly, yet that self-same ignorance, evinced a short time after upon a different subject, struck his uncle, as productive of a most rare and exalted virtue.

Henry had frequently in his conversation betrayed the total want of all knowledge in respect to religion or futurity; and the dean for this reason delayed
taking

taking him to church, till he had previously given him instructions *wherefore* he went.

A leisure morning arrived on which he took his nephew to his study, and implanted in his youthful mind, the first unconfused idea, of the Creator of the universe!

The dean was eloquent, Henry was all attention: his understanding, expanded by time, to the conception of a God—and not warped by custom, from the sensations which a just notion of that God inspires, dwelt with delight and wonder on the information given him!—lessons, which instilled into the head of a senseless infant, too often produce throughout his remaining life, an impious

pious indifference to the truths revealed.

Yet, with all that astonished, that respectful sensibility which Henry showed on this great occasion; he still expressed his opinion, and put questions to the dean with his usual simplicity, till he felt himself convinced.

“What!” cried he—after being informed of the attributes inseparable from the Supreme Being, and having received the injunction to offer prayers to him night and morning, “What! am I permitted to speak to power divine?”

“At all times.” Replied the dean.”

“What! whenever I like?”

“Whenever you like.” Returned the dean.

“I durst

“I durst not” (cried Henry) “make so free with the bishop: nor dare any of his attendants.”

“The bishop” (said the dean) “is the servant of God, and therefore must be treated with respect.”

“With more respect than his master?” asked Henry.

The dean not replying immediately to this question, Henry in the rapidity of enquiry ran to another: “But what am I to say, when I speak to the Almighty?”

“First, thank him for the favours he has bestowed on you.”

“What favours?”

“You amaze me” (cried the dean) “by your question! Do not you live in ease, in plenty, and happiness?”

“And do the poor, and the unhappy, thank him too, uncle?”

“No.

“No doubt—every human being glorifies him, for having been made a rational creature.”

“And does my aunt and all her card parties glorify him for that?”

The dean again made no reply—and Henry went on to other questions, till his uncle had fully instructed him as to the nature and the form of *prayer*—and now putting into his hands a book, he pointed out to him a few short prayers which he wished him to address to heaven in his presence.

Whilst Henry bent his knees, as his uncle had directed, he trembled—turned pale—and held for a slight support, on the chair placed before him.

His uncle went to him and asked him, “What was the matter?”

“Oh!”

“Oh!” cried Henry, “when I first came to your door with my poor father’s letter, I shook for fear you would not look upon me—and I cannot help feeling, even more now, than I did then.”

The dean embraced him with warmth—gave him confidence—and retired to the other side of the study to observe his whole demeanour on this new occasion.

As he beheld his features varying between the passions of humble fear, and fervent hope,—his face sometimes glowing with the rapture of thanksgiving, and sometimes with the blushes of contrition, he thus exclaimed apart:

“This is the true education on which to found the principles of religion—The
favour

favour conferred by heaven in granting the freedom of petitions to its throne, can never be conceived with proper force, but by those, whose most tedious moments during their infancy, were *not* passed in prayer. Unthinking governors of childhood! to insult the Deity with a form of worship, in which the mind has no share; nay worse, has repugnance; and by the thoughtless habits of youth, prevent, even in age, devotion."

Henry's attention was so firmly fixed, that he forgot there was a spectator of his fervour; nor did he hear young William enter the chamber and even speak to his father.

At length closing his book, and
6 rising

rising from his knees, he approached his uncle and cousin with a sedateness in his air, which gave the latter a very false opinion of the state of his youthful companion's mind.

"So, Mr. Henry," cried William, "you have been obliged to say your prayers at last."

The dean informed his son, "That to Henry, it was no punishment to pray."

"He is the strangest boy I ever knew." Said William inadvertently.

"To be sure," said Henry, "I was frightened when I first knelt; but when I came to the words *Father which art in heaven*, they gave me courage; for I know how merciful and kind a *father* is, beyond any one else."

The dean again embraced his nephew;

phew ; let fall a tear to his poor brother Henry's misfortunes ; and admonished the youth to show himself equally submissive to other instructions, as he had done to those, which inculcate piety.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE interim between youth and manhood was passed by young William and young Henry in studious application to literature ; some casual mistakes in our customs and manners on the part of Henry, some too close adherences to them on the side of William.

Their different characters when boys, were preserved when they were men : Henry still retained that natural simplicity which his early destiny had given him ; he wondered still at many things he saw and heard, and at times would venture to give his opinion, contradict, and even act in opposition to persons,

persons, whom long experience and the approbation of the world had placed in situations that claimed his implicit reverence and submission.

Unchanged in all his boyish graces, young William, now a man, was never known to infringe upon the statutes of good-breeding, even though sincerity, his own free will, duty to his neighbour, with many other plebeian virtues and privileges, were the sacrifice.

William inherited all the pride and ambition of the dean—Henry, all his father's humility. And yet (so various and extensive is the acceptation of the word pride, that) on some occasions, Henry was proud even beyond his cousin. He thought it far beneath his dignity, ever to honour or con-

template with awe, any human being in whom he saw numerous failings. Nor would he, to ingratiate himself into the favour of a man above him, stoop to one servility, such as the haughty William daily practised.

“ I know I am called proud.” One day said William to Henry.

“ Dear cousin,” replied Henry, “ it must be only then, by those who do not know you : for to me you appear the humblest creature in the world.”

“ Do you really think so ?”

“ I am certain of it ; or would you always give up your opinion to that of persons in a superior state, however inferior in their understanding ? Would, else, their weak judgment immediately change yours, though, before, you had been decided on the opposite side ? Now indeed, cousin, I have more
pride

pride than you, for I never will stoop to act or to speak contrary to my feelings."

"Then you will never be a great man."

"Nor ever desire it, if I must first be a mean one."

There was in the reputation of these two young men another mistake, which the common retailers of character committed. Henry was said to be wholly negligent, while William was reputed to be extremely fond, of the other sex: William indeed was gallant, was amorous, and indulged his inclination to the libertine society of women; but Henry it was who *loved* them. He admired them at a reverential distance, and felt so tender an affection for the virtuous part, that it shocked him to

behold, much more to associate with the depraved and vicious.

In the advantages of person Henry was still superior to William, and yet the latter had no common share of those attractions which captivate weak, thoughtless, or unskilful minds.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABOUT the time that Henry and William quitted college and had arrived at their twentieth year, the dean made the purchase of a small estate in a village near to the country residence of Lord and Lady Bendham; and in the total want of society, the dean's family were frequently honoured with invitations from the great house,

Lord Bendham, besides a good estate, possessed the office of a lord of the bed-chamber to his majesty. Historians do not ascribe much importance to the situation, or to the talents of nobles in this department, nor shall this little

I 4

history.

history. A lord of the bed-chamber is a personage well known in courts, and in all capitals where courts reside ; with this advantage to the inquirer, that in becoming acquainted with one of those noble characters, you become acquainted with all the remainder ; not only with those of the same kingdom, but those of foreign nations ; for, in whatever land, in whatever climate, a lord of the bed-chamber must necessarily be the self-same creature : one, wholly made up of observance, of obedience, of dependance, and of imitation—a borrowed character—a character formed by reflection.

The wife of this illustrious peer, as well as himself, took her hue, like the chameleon, from surrounding objects ; her manners were not governed by her
6. mind,

mind, but were solely directed by external circumstances. At court, humble, resigned, patient, attentive—At balls, masquerades, gaming-tables, and routs, gay, sprightly, and flippant—At her country seat, reserved, austere, arrogant, and gloomy.

Though in town her timid eye, in presence of certain persons, would scarce uplift its trembling lid, so much she felt her own insignificance; yet, in the country, till Lady Clementina arrived, there was not one being of consequence enough to share in her acquaintance; and she paid back to her inferiors there, all the humiliating slights, and all the mortifications which in London she received from those to whom *she* was inferior.

Whether

Whether in town or country, it is but justice to acknowledge, that in her own person she was strictly chaste; but in the country she extended that chastity even to the person of others; and the young woman who lost her virtue in the village of Anfield, had better have lost her life. Some few were now and then found hanging or drowned, while no other cause could be assigned for their despair, than an imputation on their character, and dread of the harsh purity of Lady Bendham. She would remind the parish priest of the punishment ordained for female dishonour, and by her influence had caused many an unhappy girl to do public penance in their own or the neighbouring churches.

But this country rigour, in town, she
could

could dispense withal; and like other ladies of virtue, she there visited and received into her house the acknowledged mistresses of a man in elevated life: it was not therefore the crime, but the rank which the criminal held in society, that drew down Lady Bendham's vengeance: she even carried her distinction of classes in female error to such a very nice point, that the adulterous concubine of an elder brother was her most intimate acquaintance, while the less guilty unmarried mistress of the younger, she would not sully her lips to exchange a word with.

Lord and Lady Bendham's birth, education, talents, and propensities, being much on the same scale of eminence, they would have been a very happy pair had not one great misfortune

tune intervened—The lady never bore her lord a child.—While every cottage of the village was crammed with half-starved children, whose father from week to week, from year to year, exerted his manly youth and wasted his strength in vain to protect them from hunger; whose mother mourned over her new-born infant as a little wretch, sent into the world to deprive the rest of what already was too scanty for them; in the castle that owned every cottage and all the surrounding land, and where one single day of feasting would have nourished for a month all the poor inhabitants of the parish, not one child was given to partake of the plenty. The curse of barrenness was on the family of the lord of the manor—the curse of fruitfulness upon the famished poor.

This

This lord and lady, with an ample fortune both by inheritance and their sovereign's favour, had never yet the œconomy to be exempt from debts; still, over their splendid, their profuse table, they could contrive and plan excellent schemes "how the poor might live most comfortably with a little better management."

The wages of a labouring man with a wife and half a dozen small children, Lady Bendham thought quite sufficient, if they would only learn a little œconomy.

"You know, my lord, those people never want to dress—shoes and stockings, a coat and waistcoat, a gown and a cap, a petticoat and a handkerchief, is all they want—fire, to be sure, in winter—then all the rest is merely for provision."

"I'll

“ I’ll get a pen and ink,” said young Henry, (one day when he had the honour of being at their table) “ and see what the *rest* amounts to.”

“ No, no accounts,” cried my lord, “ no summing up : but if you were to calculate, you must add to the receipts of the poor my gift at Christmas—Last year, during the frost, no less than a hundred pounds.”

“ How benevolent !” Exclaimed the dean.

“ How prudent !” Exclaimed Henry.”

“ What do you mean by prudent ?” asked Lord Bendham. “ Explain your meaning.”

“ No, my lord,” replied the dean, “ do not ask for an explanation : this youth is wholly unacquainted with our customs ; and though a man in stature, is but a child in intellects.

Henry,

Henry, have not I often cautioned you——”

“Whatever his thoughts are upon this subject,” cried Lord Bendham, “I desire to know them.”

“Why then, my lord,” answered Henry, “I thought it was prudent in you to give a little ; lest the poor, driven to despair, should take all.”

“And if they had they would have been hanged.”

“Hanging, my lord, our history, or some tradition, says, was formerly adopted as a mild punishment, in place of starving.”

“I am sure,” cried Lady Bendham, (who seldom spoke directly to the argument before her) “I am sure they ought to think themselves much obliged to us.”

“That

“That is the greatest hardship of all.” Cried Henry.

“What, sir?” Exclaimed the earl.

“I beg your pardon—my uncle looks displeased—I am very ignorant—I did not receive my first education in this country—and I find I think so differently from every one else, that I am ashamed to utter my sentiments.”

“Never mind, young man,” answered Lord Bendham: “we shall excuse your ignorance for once. Only inform us what it was you just now called, *the greatest hardship of all.*”

“It was, my lord, that what the poor receive to keep them from perishing, should pass under the name of *gifts* and *bounty*. Health, strength, and the will to earn a moderate subsistence, ought to be every man’s security from obligation.”

“I think

“ I think a hundred pounds a great deal of money,” cried Lady Bendham, “ and I hope my lord will never give it again.”

“ And so do I,” cried Henry, “ for if my lord would only be so good as to speak a few words for the poor as a senator, he might possibly for the future keep his hundred pounds, and yet they never want it.”

Lord Bendham had the good nature only to smile at Henry's simplicity, whispering to himself, “ I had rather keep my——” His last word was lost in the whisper.

CHAPTER XX.

IN the country—where the sensible heart is still more susceptible of impressions; and where the unfeeling mind, in the want of other wits to invent, forms schemes for its own amusement—our youths both fell in love; if passions that were pursued on the most opposite principles can receive the same appellation. William, well versed in all the licentious theory, thought himself in love, because he perceived a tumultuous impulse cause his heart to beat, while his fancy fixed on a certain object, whose presence agitated yet more his breast.

Henry thought himself not in love,
* because,

because, while he listened to William on the subject, he found their sensations did not in the least agree.

William owned to Henry, that he loved Hannah, the daughter of a cottager in the village, and hoped to make her his mistress.

Henry felt that his tender regard for Rebecca, the daughter of the curate of the parish, did not inspire him even with the boldness to acquaint her with his sentiments, much less to meditate one design that might tend to her dishonour.

While William was cautiously planning, how to meet in private, and accomplish the seduction of the object of his passion, Henry was endeavouring

to fortify the object of *his* choice with every virtue. He never read a book from which he received improvement, that he did not carry it to Rebecca—never knew a circumstance that might assist towards her moral instruction, that he did not haste to tell it her—and once, when William boasted

“He knew he was beloved by Hannah;”

Henry said, with equal triumph, “he had not dared to take the means to learn, nor had Rebecca dared to give one instance of her partiality.”

Rebecca was the youngest, and by far the least handsome daughter of four, to whom the Reverend Mr. Rymer, a widower, was father. The other sisters were accounted beauties; and she, from her comparative want of personal charms,

charms, having been less beloved by her parents, and less caressed by those who visited them than the rest, had for some time past sought other resources of happiness than the affection, praise, and indulgence of her fellow-creatures. She read—but more—she thought. The choicest books from her father's little library taught her to think; and reflection fashioned her mind to bear the slights, the mortifications of neglect, with a patient dejection, rather than with an indignant or a peevish spirit.

This resignation to injury and contempt gave to her perfect symmetry of person, a timid eye, a retiring manner, and spread upon her face a placid sweetness, a pale serenity mixed with sense and taste, that no wise connois-

feur in female charms would have exchanged for all the sparkling eyes and florid tints of her vain and vulgar sisters.—Henry's soul was so much enamoured of her gentle deportment, that in his sight she appeared beautiful; while she, with an understanding competent to judge of his worth, was so greatly surprised, so prodigiously astonished at the distinction, the attention, the many offices of civility paid to her by him in preference to her idolised sisters, that her gratitude for such unexpected favours had sometimes (even in his presence, and in that of her family) nearly drowned her eyes with tears. Yet, they were only trifles, in which Henry had the opportunity or the power to give her testimony of his regard—trifles, often more grateful to the sensible mind than efforts of high importance; and

and by which, the artist in the human heart will accurately trace a passion, wholly concealed from the dull eye of the unskilled observer.

The first cause of amazement to Rebecca in the manners of Henry was, that he talked with *her* as well as with her sisters ; no visitor else had done so. In taking a morning's or an evening's walk, he proposed *her* going with the rest ; no one had ever required her company before. When he called and she was absent, he asked where she was ; no one had ever missed her before.— She thanked him from her very heart, and soon perceived that at those times, when he was present, company was more pleasing even than books.

Her astonishment, her gratitude, did

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not

not stop here—Henry proceeded in attention—he soon selected her from her sisters to tell the news of the day when he chanced to call; answered her observations the first; once gave her a sprig of myrtle from his bosom in preference to another who had praised its beauty; and once—never to be forgotten kindness—sheltered her from a hasty shower with his *parapluie*, while he lamented to her drenched companions

“That he had but *one* to offer.”

From a man whose sense and person they admire, how dear, how impressive on the female heart is every trait of tendernefs! Till now, Rebecca had experienced none; not even of the parental kind; and merely from the overflowings of a kind nature (not in return for affection) had she ever loved
her

her father and her sisters. Sometimes, repulsed by their severity, she transferred the fulness of an affectionate heart upon animals: but now, her alienated mind was recalled and softened by a sensation that made her long to complain of the burthen it imposed—those obligations which exact silence, are a heavy weight to the grateful—Rebecca longed to tell Henry “that her life would be too little to express the full sense she had of the respect he paid to her.” But as modesty forbade not only every kind of declaration, but every insinuation purporting what she felt, she wept through sleepless nights from a load of suppressed explanation; yet still she would not have exchanged this trouble, for all the beauty of her sisters.

CHAPTER XXI.

OLD John and Hannah Primrose, a prudent hardy couple, who, by many years of peculiar labour and peculiar abstinence, were the least poor of all the neighbouring cottagers, had an only child called after the mother, Hannah: and this cottage girl was reckoned, in spite of the beauty of the elder Miss Rymers, by far the prettiest female in the village.

Reader of superior rank, if the passions which rage in the bosom of the inferior class of human kind are beneath your sympathy, throw aside this little history, for Rebecca Rymer
and

and Hannah Primrose are its heroines.

But you, unprejudiced reader, whose liberal observations are not confined to stations, but who consider all mankind alike deserving your investigation; who believe that there exists in some, knowledge without the advantage of instruction; refinement of sentiment independent of elegant society; honourable pride of heart without dignity of blood; and genius destitute of art to render it conspicuous—*You* will, perhaps, venture to read on; in hopes that the remainder of this story may deserve your attention, just as the wild herb of the forest, equally with the cultivated plant in the garden, claims the attention of the botanist.

When

When young William saw Hannah, he thought her even more beautiful than she was thought by others; and on those days that he felt no inclination to ride, to shoot, or to hunt, he would contrive, by some secret device, the means to meet with her alone, and give her tokens (if not of his love) at least of his admiration of her beauty, and of the pleasure he enjoyed in her company.

Hannah listened with a kind of delirious enchantment to all her elevated and eloquent admirer uttered; and in return for his praises of her charms, and his equivocal replies, in respect to his designs towards her, gave to him, her most undisguised thoughts, and her whole enraptured heart.

This,

This, to her apparently harmless, intercourse had not lasted many weeks before she loved him—she even confessed she did, every time that any unwonted mark of attention from him, struck with unexpected force her infatuated senses.

It has been said by a celebrated writer, upon the affection subsisting between the two sexes, “that there are many persons who, if they had never heard of the passion of love, would never have felt it.” Might it not with equal truth be added, that—there are many more, who having heard of it, and believing most firmly that they feel it, are nevertheless mistaken? Neither of these cases was the lot of Hannah. She experienced the sentiment before she ever heard it named
in

in that sense in which she felt it—and she felt it as genuine love alone exists—joined with numerous other sentiments: for love, however rated by many, as the chief passion of the human heart, is but a poor dependant, a retainer upon other passions; admiration, gratitude, respect, esteem, pride in the object—divest the boasted sensation of these, and it is no more than the impression of a twelve-month, by courtesy, or vulgar error, termed love.

Hannah was formed by the rarest structure of the human frame, and fated by the tenderest thrillings of the human soul, to inspire and to experience real love—but her nice taste, her delicate thoughts, were so refined beyond the sphere of her own station in society, that nature would have produced this
prodigy

prodigy of attraction in vain, had not one of superior education and manners assailed her heart: and had she been accustomed to the conversation of men in William's rank of life, she had, perhaps, treated William's addresses with indifference; but in comparing him with her familiar acquaintance, he was a miracle! His unremitted attention seemed the condescension of a superior being, to whom she looked up with reverence, with admiration, with awe, with pride, with sense of obligation—and all those various passions which constitute true, and *never* to be eradicated, love.

But in vain she felt and even avowed with her lips what every look, every gesture, had long denoted; William, with discontent, sometimes with anger, upbraided

upbraided her for her false professions; and vowed “That while one tender proof, which he fervently besought, was wanting, she did but aggravate his misery by lesser endearments.”

Hannah had been taught the full estimation of female virtue; and if her nature could have detested one being in a state of wretchedness, it would have been the woman who had lost her honour: yet, for William, what would not Hannah forfeit? The dignity, the peace, the serenity, the innocence of her own mind, love soon encouraged her to fancy she could easily forego—and this same overpowering influence at times so forcibly possessed her, that she even felt a momentary transport in the idea “of so precious a sacrifice to him.”—But then she loved
her

her parents ; and their happiness she could not prevail on herself to barter even for *his*. She wished he would demand some other pledge of her affection ; for there was none but this, her ruin in no other shape, that she would deny at his request. While thus she deliberated she prepared for her fall.

Bred up with strict observance both to his moral and religious character, William did not dare to tell an unequivocal lie even to his inferiors—he never promised Hannah he would marry her ; nay even, he paid so much respect to the forms of truth, that no sooner was it evident that he had obtained her heart, her whole soul entire—so that loss of innocence would be less terrifying than separation from him — no sooner did he perceive this, than he

candidly told her he “could never make her his wife.”—At the same time he lamented “the difference of their births, and the duty he owed his parents’ hopes,” in terms so pathetic to her partial ear, that she thought him a greater object of compassion in love, even than herself; and was now urged by pity to remove the cause of his complainings.

One evening Henry accidentally passed the lonely spot where William and she constantly met—he observed his cousin’s impassioned eye, and her affectionate, yet fearful glance. William, he saw, took delight in the agitation of mind, in the strong apprehension mixed with the love of Hannah; this convinced Henry that either he, or himself, was not in love: for his heart told him he would not have beheld

held such emotions of tenderness mingled with such marks of sorrow, upon the countenance of Rebecca, for the wealth of the universe.

The first time he was alone with William after this, he mentioned his observation on Hannah's apparent affliction, and asked "Why her grief was the result of their stolen meetings?"

"Because," replied William, "her professions are unlimited, while her manners are reserved; and I accuse her of loving me with unkind moderation, while I love her to distraction."

"You design to marry her then?"

"How can you degrade me by the supposition?"

"Would it degrade you more to marry her than to make her your companion? To talk with her for hours in

preference to all other company? To wish to be endeared to her by still closer ties?"

"But all this is not raising her to the rank of my wife."

"It is still raising her to that rank, for which wives alone were allotted."

"You talk wildly!—I tell you I love her; but not enough, I hope, to marry her."

"But too much, I hope, to undo her?"

"That must be her own free choice—I make use of no unwarrantable methods."

"What are the warrantable ones?"

"I mean, I have made her no false promises—offered no pretended settlement—vowed no eternal constancy."

"But you have told her you love her; and, from that confession, has she
not

not reason to expect every protection which even promises could secure?"

"I cannot answer for her expectations—but I know, if she should make me happy as I ask, and I should then forsake her, I shall not break my word."

"Still she will be deceived; for you will falsify your looks."

"Do you think she depends on my looks?"

"I have read in some book, *Looks are the lover's sole dependence.*"

"I have no objection to her interpreting mine in her favour; but then for the consequences, she will have herself, and only herself to blame."

"Oh! heaven!"

"What makes you exclaim so vehemently?"

"An idea of the bitterness of that

L 3

calamity

calamity which inflicts self-reproach! Oh rather deceive her—leave her the consolation to reproach *you*, rather than herself.”

“ My honour will not suffer me.”

“ Exert your honour, and never see her more.”

“ I cannot live without her.”

“ Then live with her by the laws of your country; and make her, and yourself both happy.”

“ Am I to make my father and my mother miserable? They would disown me for such a step.”

“ Your mother, perhaps, might be offended, but your father could not. Remember the sermon he preached but last Sunday, upon—*the shortness of this life: contempt of all riches and worldly honours in balance with a quiet conscience*—and the assurance he gave us—that *the greatest happiness*

happiness enjoyed upon earth, was under an humble roof with heaven in prospect."

"My father is a very good man," said William, "and yet, instead of being satisfied with an humble roof, he looks impatiently forward to a bishop's palace."

"He is so very good then," said Henry, "that perhaps, seeing the dangers to which men in exalted stations are exposed, he has such extreme philanthropy, and so little self-love, he would rather that himself should brave those perils incidental to wealth and grandeur, than any other person."

"You are not yet civilised," said William; "and to argue with you, is but to instruct, without gaining instruction."

"I know, Sir," replied Henry, "that you are studying the law most assiduously,

and have vast prospects of rising to eminence in your profession: but let me hint to you—that though you may be perfect in the knowledge how to administer the commandments of men, unless you keep in view the precepts of God, your judgment, like mine, will be fallible.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE dean's family passed this first summer at the new-purchased estate so pleasantly, that they left it with regret when winter called them to their house in town.

But if some felt concern on quitting the village of Anfield, some who were left behind felt the deepest anguish. Those were not the poor—for rigid attention to the morals of people in poverty, and total neglect of their bodily wants, was the dean's practice. He forced them to attend church on every sabbath; but whether they had a dinner on their return, was too gross and

8 temporal

temporal an enquiry for his spiritual fervour. Good of the *soul* was all he aimed at; and this pious undertaking, besides his diligence as a pastor, required all his exertion as a magistrate—for to be very poor and very honest, very oppressed yet very thankful, is a degree of fainted excellence not to be attained without the aid of zealous men to frighten into virtue.

Those then, who alone felt sorrow at the dean's departure, were two young women, whose parents, exempt from indigence, preserved them from suffering under his unpitying piety; but whose discretion had not protected them from the bewitching smiles of his nephew, and seducing wiles of his son.

The first morning that Rebecca rose
and

and knew Henry was gone till the following summer, she wished she could have lain down again and slept away the whole long interval. Her sisters' peevishness, her father's austerity, she foresaw, would be insupportable now that she had experienced Henry's kindness, and he was no longer near to fortify her patience. She sighed—she wept—she was unhappy.

But if Rebecca awoke with a dejected mind and an aching heart, what were the sorrows of Hannah? The only child of two doating parents, she never had been taught the necessity of resignation—untutored, unread, unused to reflect, but knowing how to *feel*; what were her sufferings when, on waking, she called to mind that “William was gone,” and with him.

him gone all that excess of happiness which his presence had bestowed, and for which she had exchanged her future tranquillity.

Loss of tranquillity even Rebecca had to bemoan—Hannah had still more—the loss of innocence!

Had William remained in the village, shame, even conscience perhaps had slept; but separated from her betrayer, parted from the joys of guilt, and left only to its sorrows, every sting which quick sensibility could sharpen, was transfixed in her heart to torture her. First came the recollection of a cold farewell from the man whose love she had hoped her yielding passion had for ever won—next, flashed on her thoughts her violated person—next, the
crime

crime incurred—next, her cruelty to her tender parents—and last of all came the horrors of detection.

She knew that as yet, by wariness, care, and contrivance, her meetings with William had been unsuspected; but in this agony of mind her fears foreboded an informer who would defy all caution; who would stigmatise her with a name—dear and desired by every virtuous female—abhorrent to the blushing harlot—the name of mother.

That Hannah, thus impressed, could rise from her bed, meet her parents and her neighbours with her usual smile of vivacity, and voice of mirth, was impossible—to leave her bed at all, to creep down stairs, and reply in a faint broken voice to questions asked, were, in her
state

state of mind, mighty efforts; and all to which her struggles could attain for many weeks.

William had promised to write to her while he was away: he kept his word; but not till the end of two months she received a letter.—Fears for his health, apprehension of his death during this cruel interval, caused an agony of suspense that, by representing him to her distracted fancy in a state of suffering, made him, if possible, still dearer to her. In the excruciating anguish of uncertainty, she walked with trembling steps through all weathers (when she could steal half a day while her parents were employed in labour abroad) to the post town at six miles distance, to enquire for his long expected, long wished for letter. When at last it was
given

given to her, that moment of consolation seemed to repay her for the whole time of agonising terror she had endured. "He is alive!" she said, "and I have suffered nothing."

She hastily put this token of his health and his remembrance of her into her bosom, rich as an empress with a new-acquired dominion. The way from home, which she had trod with heavy pace, in the fear of renewed disappointment, she skimmed along on her return swift as a doe—the cold did not pierce, neither did the rain wet her.—Many a time she put her hand upon the prize she possessed, to find if it were safe—once, on the road, she took it from her bosom, curiously viewed the seal and the direction, then replacing it, did not move her fingers from their fast gripe, till she arrived at home.

Her

Her father and her mother were still absent. She drew a chair, and placing it near to the only window in the room, seated herself with ceremonious order; and then, gently drew forth her treasure; laid it on her knee; and with a smile that almost amounted to a laugh of gladness, once more inspected the outward part, before she would trust herself with the excessive joy of looking within.

At length the seal was broken—but the contents still a secret. Poor Hannah had learned to write as some youths learn Latin; so short a time had been allowed for the acquirement, and so little expert had been her master, that it took her generally a week to write a letter of ten lines, and a month to read one of twenty. But this being a letter on
which

which her mind was deeply engaged, her whole imagination aided her slender literature, and at the end of a fortnight she had made out every word.—They were these,

“ D^r. HANNAH,

“ I HOPE you have been well since
“ we parted—I have been very well
“ myself, but I have been teased with a
“ great deal of business, which has
“ not given me time to write to you
“ before—I have been called to the
“ bar, which engages every spare moment—but I hope it will not prevent
“ my coming down to Anfield with my
“ father in the summer.

“ I am, D^r. Hannah,

“ With gratitude for all the favours

“ you have conferred on me,

“ Yours, &c.

“ W. N.”

To have beheld the illiterate Hannah try for two weeks, day and night, to find out the exact words of this letter, it would have struck the spectator with amazement to have understood the right, the delicate, the nicely proper sensations with which she was affected by every sentence it contained.

She wished it had been kinder, even for his sake who wrote it—because she thought so well of him, and desired still to think so well, that she was sorry at any faults that rendered him less worthy of her good opinion. The cold civility of his letter had this effect—her clear, her acute judgment felt it a kind of prevarication *to promise to write—and then write nothing that was hoped for.* But enthralled by the magic of her passion, she shortly found excuses for the man she loved, at the expence of her own condemnation:

“ He

“He has only the fault of inconstancy,” she cried, “and that has been caused by *my* change of conduct—had I been virtuous still, he had still been affectionate.” Bitter thought!

Yet there was a sentence in the letter, that, worse than all the tenderness left out, wounded her sensibility—and she could not read the line, *gratitude for all the favours conferred on me*, without turning pale with horror, then kindling with indignation at the common-place thanks which insultingly reminded her of her innocence, her peace of mind, given in exchange for unmeaning acknowledgement.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ABSENCE is said to encrease strong and virtuous love, but to destroy that which is weak and sensual. In the parallel between young William and young Henry, this was the case; for Henry's real love encreased, while William's turbulent passion declined in separation: yet had the latter not so much abated that he did not perceive a sensation, like a sudden shock of sorrow, on a proposal made him by his father, of entering the marriage state with a young woman, the dependent niece of Lady Bendham; who, as the dean informed him, had signified her lord's

lord's and her own approbation of his becoming their nephew.

At the first moment William received this intimation from his father, his heart revolted with disgust from the object, and he instantly thought upon Hannah, with more affection than he had done for many weeks before. This was from the comparifon between her and his propofed wife; for he had frequently feen Mifs Sedgeley at Lord Bendham's, but had never feen in her whole perfon, or manners, the leaft attraction to excite his love. He pictured to himfelf an unpleafant home with a companion fo little fuited to his tafte, and felt a pang of confcience, as well as of attachment, in the thought of giving up poor Hannah.

But these reflections, these feelings lasted no longer than for the moment: no sooner had the dean explained why the marriage was desirable, recited what great connections, and what great patronage it would confer upon their family, than William listened with eagerness, and both his love and his conscience were, if not wholly quieted, at least for the present hushed.

Immediately after the dean had expressed to Lord and Lady Bendham his son's "sense of the honour and the happiness conferred on him by their condescension in admitting him a member of their noble family"—Miss Sedgeley received from her aunt, nearly the same shock as William had done from his father. *For she had frequently seen the dean's son at Lord Bendham's,*

ham's, but had never seen in his whole person or manners the least attraction to excite her love—she pictured to herself an unpleasant home with a companion so little suited to her taste: and at this moment she felt a more than usual partiality to the dean's nephew, finding the secret hope she had long indulged, of winning his affections, so near being thwarted.

But Miss Sedgeley was too much subjected to the power of her uncle and aunt to have a will of her own, at least, to dare to utter it. She received the commands of Lady Bendham with her accustomed submission, while all the consolation for the grief they gave her was, “that she resolved to make a very bad wife.”

“I shall not care a pin for my husband,” she said to herself, “and so I

will dress and visit, and do just as I like—he dares not be unkind because of my aunt.—Besides, now I think again, it is not so disagreeable to marry *him* as if I were obliged to marry into any other family, because I shall see his cousin Henry as often, if not oftener, than ever.

For Miss Sedgeley, with a person he did not like, and with a mind thus disposed, William began to force himself to shake off every little remaining affection, even all pity, for the unfortunate, the beautiful, the sensible, the doating Hannah; and determined to place in a situation to look down with scorn upon her sorrows, this weak, this unprincipled woman.

Connections, interest, honours, were powerful advocates—his private happiness

piness William deemed trivial, compared to public opinion—and to be under obligations to a peer his wife's relation, gave greater renown in his servile mind, than all the advantages that might accrue from his own intrinsic independent worth.

In the usual routine of pretended regard, and real indifference, sometimes disgust, between parties allied by what is falsely termed *prudence*, the intended union of Mr. Norwynne with Miss Sedgeley proceeded in all due form; and at their country seats at Anfield, during the summer, their nuptials were appointed to be celebrated.

William was now introduced into all Lord Bendham's courtly circles—his worldly soul was entranced in glare and
show

show—he thought of nothing but places, pensions, titles, retinues:—and steadfast, alert, unshaken in the pursuit of honours, neglected not the lesser means of rising to preferment—his own endowments. But in this round of attention to pleasures and to study, he no more complained to Hannah of “excess of business.” Cruel as she had once thought that letter in which he thus apologised for neglecting her, she at last began to think it was wondrous kind; for he never found time to send her another. Yet she had studied with all her most anxious care to write him an answer; such a one as might not lessen her understanding, which he had often praised, in his esteem.

Ah William! even with less anxiety your beating ambitious heart panted for
for

for the admiration of an attentive auditory, when you first ventured to harangue in public!—With far less hope and fear (great as yours were) did you first address a crowded court, and thirst for its approbation on your efforts, than Hannah sighed for your approbation, when she took a pen and awkwardly scrawled over a sheet of paper. Near twenty times she began—but to a gentleman—and one she loved like William—what could she dare to say? Yet she had enough to tell, if shame had not interposed—or, if remaining confidence in his affection had but encouraged her.

Overwhelmed by the first, and deprived of the last, her hand shook, her head drooped, and she dared not communicate what she knew must inevitably
render

render her letter unpleasing: and still more depreciate her in his regard as the occasion of encumbrance; and of injury to his moral reputation.

Her free, her liberal, her venturous spirit subdued, intimidated by the force of affection, she only wrote—

“SIR,

“I am sorry you have so much to
“do, and should be ashamed if you
“put it off to write to me. I have not
“been at all well this winter—I never
“before passed such a one in all my
“life, and I hope you will never know
“such a one yourself in regard to not
“being happy—I should be sorry if
“you did—think I would rather go
“through it again myself than you
“should. I long for the summer, the
“fields are so green, and every thing
“so

“so pleasant at that time of the year.—

“I always do long for the summer,

“but I think never so much in my

“life as for this that is coming—

“though sometimes I wish that last

“summer had never come. Perhaps

“you wish so too—and that this sum-

“mer would not come either.

“Hope you will excuse all faults,

“as I never learnt but one month.

“Your obedient humble servant,

“H. P.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUMMER arrived—and lords and ladies who had partaken of all the dissipation of the town, whom opera-houses, gaming-houses, and various other houses had detained whole nights from their peaceful home, were now poured forth from the metropolis, to imbibe the wholesome air of the farmer and peasant, and disseminate in return moral and religious principles,

Among the rest, Lord and Lady Bendham, strenuous opposers of vice in the poor, and gentle supporters of it in the rich, never played at cards, or had concerts on a Sunday, in the village, where

where the poor were spies—*he* there never gamed, or drank, except in private—and *she* banished from her doors every female of sullied character. Yet poverty and idiotism are not the same—the poor can hear, can talk, sometimes can reflect—servants will tell their equals how they live in town—listeners will smile and shake their heads—and thus, hypocrisy, instead of cultivating, destroys every seed of moral virtue.

The arrival of Lord Bendorham's family at Anfield, announced to the village that the dean's would quickly follow. Rebecca's heart bounded with joy at the prospect—Poor Hannah felt a sinking, a foreboding tremor, that wholly interrupted the joy of *her* expectations—She had not heard from William for five tedious months—she
did

did not know whether he loved or despised—whether he thought of, or had forgotten her. Her reason argued against the hope that he loved her—yet hope still subsisted—she would not abandon herself to despair while there was doubt—she “had frequently been deceived from the appearance of circumstances, and perhaps he might come all kindness—perhaps—even not like her the less for that indisposition which had changed her bloom to paleness, and the sparkling of her eyes to a pensive languor.”

Henry's sensations on his return to Anfield were the self-same as Rebecca's were: sympathy in thought, sympathy in affection, sympathy in virtue, made them so. As he approached near the little village, he felt more light than usual.

usual. He had committed no trespass there, dreaded no one's reproach or enquiries, but his arrival might prove, at least to one object, the cause of rejoicing.

William's sensations were the reverse of these. In spite of his ambition, and the flattering view of accomplishing all to which it aspired, he often, as they proceeded on their journey, envied the gaiety of Henry, and felt an inward monitor, that told him, "he must first act like Henry, to be as happy."

His intended marriage was still, to the families of both parties, (except to the heads of the houses) a profound secret. Neither the servants, nor even Henry had received the slightest intimation of the designed alliance; and this to William was matter of some comfort.

When men submit to act in contradiction to their principles, nothing is so precious as a secret. In their estimation, to have their conduct *known* is the essential mischief—while it is hid, they fancy the sin but half committed ; and to the moiety of a crime they reconcile their feelings, till, in progression, the whole, when disclosed, appears trivial. He designed that Hannah should receive the news from himself by degrees, and in such a manner as to console her, or at least to silence her complaints: and with the wish to soften, the something like, regret, which he still felt on the prudent necessity of yielding her up when his marriage should take place, he promised to himself some intervening hours of private meetings, which he hoped would produce satiety.

While Henry flew to Mr. Rymer's
6 house

house with a conscience clear, and a face enlightened with gladness; while he met Rebecca with open-hearted friendship and frankness that charmed her soul to peaceful happiness; William skulked around the cottage of Hannah, dreading detection; and when towards midnight he found the means to obtain the company of the sad inhabitant, he grew so impatient at her tears and sobs, at the delicacy with which she withheld her caresses, that he burst into bitter upbraidings at her coyness; and at length, without discovering the cause of her peculiar agitation and reserve) abruptly left her, vowing "never to see her more."

As he turned away, his heart even congratulated him, "that he had made so discreet a use of his momentary disappointment, as thus to shake her off at once

once without farther explanation or excuse."

She, ignorant and illiterate as she was, knew enough of her own heart to judge of his, and to know, that such violent affections and expressions, above all, such a sudden, heart-breaking, manner of departure, were not the effects of love: not even of humanity. She felt herself debased by a ruffian—yet still, having loved him when she thought him otherwise, the blackest proof of the deception could not erase a sentiment, formed while she was deceived.

She passed the remainder of the night in anguish—but with the cheerful morning some cheerly thoughts arose. She thought "perhaps William by this time had found himself to

*

blame

blame—had conceived the cause of her grief and her distant behaviour, and had pitied her.”

The next evening she waited with anxious heart for the signal that had called her out the foregoing night—in vain she watched, counted the hours, and the stars, and listened to the nightly stillness of the fields around: they were not disturbed by the tread of her lover.—Day-light came; the sun rose in its splendour; William had not been near her, and it shone upon none so miserable as Hannah.

She now considered his word, “never to see her more,” as solemnly passed—she heard anew the impressive, the implacable tone in which the sentence was pronounced; and could look back on no late token of affection, on

which to found the slightest hope that he would recall it.

Still, reluctant to despair—in the extremity of grief, in the extremity of fear for an approaching crisis that must speedily arrive, she (after a few days had elapsed) trusted a neighbouring peasant with a letter to deliver to Mr. Norwynne in private.

This letter, unlike the last, was dictated without the hope to please—no pains were taken with the style, no care in the formation of the letters—the words flowed from necessity; strong necessity guided her hand.

“ SIR,

“ I BEG your pardon—pray don’t
“ forsake me all at once—see me
“ one

“ one time more—I have something to
 “ tell you—it is what I dare tell no-
 “ body else—and what I am ashamed to
 “ tell you—yet pray give me a word of
 “ advice—what to do I don’t know—
 “ I then will part if you please, never
 “ to trouble you, never any more—but
 “ hope to part friends—pray do if you
 “ please—and see me one time more.

“ Your obedient,

“ H. P.”

These incorrect, inelegant lines produced this immediate reply :—

“ TO HANNAH PRIMROSE.

“ I have often told you that my ho-
 “ nour is as dear to me as my life—my
 “ word is a part of that honour—you
 “ heard me say *I would never see you*
 “ *again—I shall keep my word.*”

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN the dean's family had been at Anfield about a month—One misty morning, such as portends a sultry day, as Henry was walking swiftly through a thick wood on the skirts of the parish, he suddenly started on hearing a distant groan, expressive, as he thought, both of bodily and mental pain.—He stopped to hear it repeated that he might pursue the sound. He heard it again; and though now but in murmurs, yet as the tone implied excessive grief, he directed his course to that part of the wood from whence it came.

As he advanced, in spite of the thick fog, he discerned the appearance
of

of a female scudding away on his approach. His eye was fixed on this object; and regardless where he placed his feet, soon he shrunk back with horror, on perceiving they had nearly trod upon a new-born infant, lying on the ground!—a lovely male child, entered on a world where not one preparation had been made to receive him.

“ Ah !” cried Henry, forgetting the person who had fled, and with a smile of compassion on the helpless infant, “ I am glad I have found you—you give more joy to me, than you have done to your hapless parents. Poor dear,” (continued he, while he took off his coat to wrap it in,) “ I will take care of you while I live—I will beg for you rather than you shall want—but first, I will carry you to those who at present can do more for you than myself.”

Thus

Thus Henry said, and thought while he inclosed the child carefully in his coat, and took it in his arms. But about to walk his way with it, an unlucky query struck him, *where he should go.*

“ I must not take it to the dean’s,” he cried, “ because Lady Clementina will suspect it is not nobly, and my uncle will suspect it is not lawfully, born. Nor must I take it to Lord Bendham’s for the self-same reason—though, could it call Lady Bendham mother, this whole village, nay the whole country round would ring with rejoicings for its birth. How strange !” continued he, “ that we should make so little of human creatures, that one sent among us, wholly independent of his own high value, becomes a curse instead of a blessing by the mere accident of worthless circumstances.”

He

He now, after walking out of the wood, peeped through the folds of his coat to look again at his charge—He started, turned pale, and trembled to behold what, in the surprise of first seeing the child, had escaped his observation. Around its little throat was a cord entwined by a slipping noose, and drawn half way—as if the trembling hand of the murderer had revolted from its dreadful office, and he or she had left the infant to pine away with nakedness and hunger, rather than *see* it die.

Again Henry wished himself joy of the treasure he had found; and more fervently than before; for he had not only preserved one fellow creature from death, but another from murder.

Once more he looked at his charge, and was transported to observe, upon its serene brow and sleepy eye, no traces.

traces of the dangers it had passed—no trait of shame either for itself or its parents—no discomposure at the unwelcome reception it was likely to encounter from a proud world!—He now slipped the fatal string from its neck; and by this affectionate disturbance causing the child to cry, he ran (but he scarce knew whither) to convey it to a better nurse.

He at length found himself at the door of his dear Rebecca—for so very happy Henry felt at the good luck which had befallen him, that he longed to bestow a part of the blessing upon her he loved.

He sent for her privately out of the house to speak to him.——When she came,

“Rebecca,” said he (looking around
that

that no one observed him) "Rebecca, I have brought you something you will like."

"What is it?" She asked.

"You know, Rebecca, that you love deserted birds, strayed kittens, and motherless lambs—I have brought something more pitiable than any of these. Go, get a cap and a little gown, and then I will give it you."

"A gown!" exclaimed Rebecca. "If you have brought me a monkey, much as I should esteem any present from you, indeed I cannot touch it."

"A monkey!" repeated Henry, almost in anger—then changing the tone of his voice, exclaimed in triumph

"It is a child!"

On this he gave it a gentle pinch, that its cry might confirm the pleasing truth he spoke.

"A

“A child!” Repeated Rebecca in amaze.

“Yes, and indeed I found it.”

“Found it?”

“Indeed I did. The mother, I fear, had just forsaken it.”

“Inhuman creature!”

“Nay, hold Rebecca! I am sure you will pity her when you see her child—you then will know she must have loved it—and will consider how much she certainly had suffered, before she left it to perish in a wood.”

“Cruel!” Once more exclaimed Rebecca.

“Oh! Rebecca, perhaps, had she possessed a home of her own, she would have given it the best place in it—had she possessed money, she would have dressed it with the nicest care—or had she been accustomed to disgrace, she would have gloried in calling it hers! But now,

as

as it is, it is sent to us, to you and me, Rebecca, to take care of."

Rebecca, soothed by Henry's compassionate eloquence, held out her arms and received the important parcel—and, as she kindly looked in upon the little stranger,

"Now are not you much obliged to me," said Henry, "for having brought it to you? I know no one but yourself to whom I would have trusted it with pleasure."

"Much obliged to you," repeated Rebecca with a very serious face, "if I did but know what to do with it—where to put it—where to hide it from my father and sisters."

"Oh! any where"—returned Henry
"It is very good—It will not cry—But if they should discover it, they will take it from you, prosecute the wretched mother,

mother, and send the child to the work-house."

"I will do all I can;" replied Rebecca, "and I know I can take milk from the dairy, and bread from the pantry, without its being missed, or my father much the poorer.—But if it should cry——"

That instant they were interrupted by the appearance of the stern curate at a little distance—Henry was obliged to run swiftly away, while Rebecca returned by stealth into the house with her innocent burthen.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

"I will do all I can," replied Rebecca, "and I know I can take care of you the drug, and bleed from the joints, without its being noticed in my father's mouth the poison - that is all I should say."

That instant, they were interrupted by the appearance of the third curate at a little distance - Henry was obliged to run swiftly away, while Rebecca remained by stealth into the house with her hand on her bosom.

THE FIRST PART

OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1625

AND THE YEAR 1626

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Inchbald, Elizabeth, 1753-1821

Nature and Art In Two Volumes

Bd.: 1

London (1796)

P.o.angl. 176 t-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10746993-4